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My story

So two days ago I had a breakdown. Now you have to understand my situation and why I had a breakdown. Also I think it's time I tell you my story.

So I was sexually assaulted and harassed as a child. Now you may be asking "how old were you at that time". Well I was around 7-8 years old. I don't really remember my age but I still remember what happened to me. Vividly. I have always listened to my older cousins because I wanted to be like them. I was not a normal child you see. I had a loving mother and father while their lives were very different. I was spoiled since I was the oldest (as in my siblings) and I was a mommy's girl which meant whatever I wanted I got. Well you see my cousins didn't really like that and they decided to manipulate me into doing things for them just so I could have their approval. I was so desperate for their approval that I went far to reach their expectations and needs when in reality I should've never listened to them. Especially one cousin. He tricked, manipulated, and threaten me if I told anybody of the things he did to me. Even though the only "things" he did to me during our sessions was kissing, hugging, touching me in places where I didn't want to be touch and threaten me, I still listened to him. I was a CHILD for gods sake! I didn't know what he was really trying to do. I wish I had a voice back then I wish that he could pay for his crime but alas I don't have any evidence and I know that my family would hate me if I did this. After all I'm meant to just smile and look pretty as society wants me to be. Well after many years of them manipulating me I finally moved. But not because I said something no it's because of other personal reasons. As of right now no one knows what happened to me except my best friend and you reader. I moved far and I was glad until I had to visit them again in 5 grade. Now let me tell you when I saw them I was scared but I still showed my strong facade. I told myself that they couldn't do anything to me anymore and that I know what their goal was. When I saw him again I was disgusted with him. He talked to me like NOTHING happened between us. Like he totally didn't steal my

first kiss or touched me. I was horrified and felt as if this whole situation was my fault. Coming back home I still felt horrible but I kept telling myself that at least he didn't do anything worse and that I should be grateful for being alive. Well two days ago me and my best friend were FaceTiming and I thought it would be the perfect time to tell her I'm asexual. I told her my story and broke down in the middle of it. She stayed and supported me which made me so happy and grateful. She told me to take my time and that none of the things he did was my fault. I'm seen as the sunshine girl. Always smiling, laughing and talking a lot but under that mask I'm just a lonely, sad, depressed girl that just can't speak out. I've had a tragic past and I know that crying and feeling bad for myself will not change anything. After I told her my story I said I was asexual. She supported me and told me it was fine and that if I ever needed someone to talk to she would always be available. At that point I was full on sobbing. But quietly because it was 1 in the morning. I love her so much. She always makes my days and she is the best friend in the whole universe.
Let this be a massage to all the victims of this kind of situation.
It is NOT your fault please know that. It took me a while to find out but I hope this inspires you in many ways to speak out. Males and females or (what ever you liked to be referred to.)

Also know that I'm speaking about this. Support our fellow black Americans or people of color (POC). We are in a point of time of a big crisis and if we do not deal with this now we will pay for it in the end. #BLACKLIVESMATTER

Love you all ❤□□💝💝💝💝□□□
Ciao

(っ◔◡◔)っ ♥ 🎉About Me 🎉 ♥

So ye....I'm a lazy ass author. You're welcome 😌

👌𝔄𝔟𝔬𝔲𝔱 𝔐𝔢👌
Name: Um...call me Mari not Mary. **MARI**

Nationality: Mexican American

Age: hmm..😌👌

Height: 5'2

Gender: I'm a she/her

Sexuality: Asexual

Personality: My friends think I'm chill and funny. I don't really believe that but whatever. 😌

My likes: Art, writing, eating, reading and crying. Also my babies. My cat and her 3 babies along with my dog. Oh...and also my parents. Yup 🤷

My dislikes:Long conversations. I just don't like it. Me and my lazy ass. People saying if I speak Spanish and if I could say something. (I do speak, write, and read in Spanish along with English 😎.) People touching me. The attention I get for being like the only one in my school for not being white. Don't worry tho I don't get bullied. My friends would beat the crap out of them. 😌

👌 **Facts About Me**
1.) I speak fluent English and Spanish, and I'm proud of that.
2.) I very picky with a lot of things.
3.) I love books 📚❤️😌👌❤️

Feel free to ask me any more questions about me in the comments

section.
Love y'all
Ciao

Self Promo/Cats uwu UPDATE

[image] [image] [image]

So I'm getting to the stories but I also don't have any motivation so yeeeeeeeee!!!
And my cat gave birth.
They are adorable right □
I already love them 😍💕
Also can anyone give me some good cat names?
Also I have a new book, it's just art and random thoughts. 💭 If you want to go check it out it's ok, tho I'm not forcing you. 😍❤□
So...yeah...update!

Another Update
Introducing Baby Milo
❤□😍👌💕

x P L

Germany x Poland
:)
Warning: Super gay, soft bois, uwu.

Germany's POV:
Most of my life I've been treated like this infection, ready to just throw a life away at any means possible. Most of the members of the EU are scared or don't like me at all. I'm trying my best to fit in but it is very hard when your family started two world wars. They think I'm a monster except for one person. That person is Poland. Even after having horrible experience with my dad he still was able to regain control of his country and help his people. He is soft, kind and overall a nice person in general. But that doesn't mean he cant be mean or harsh. I guess it's just a way of protecting himself. After all he experienced a lot of traumatic events. That is why I admire him. Even after the war he never lost faith in me or himself and over time I hadn't realized that I was slowly developing feelings for him. Soon I fell in love.
And I guess we will continue our journey together till the end.
~~~~~

Poland wrap his arms around my waist cuddling me on the couch. We are watch some comedy show I don't really know what it's called but it's funny.
"Niemcy?" Poland whispered.
I hummed in response.
"Do you miss your family?"
My eyes widened and I looked away quickly.
"I'm sorry Niemcy!" He panicked,"that was ru-"
"It's okay" I whispered.
"And to answer your question yes, sometimes I do."
I sigh and said,"also you don't need to apologize, you just gave me a question."
"I know.." he started.
"I'm still sorry if it came out rude."
~~~~~

I kissed his forehead. He started to blush intensely. I chuckled.
"My family was never a whole family, but my father and brother made it worth it." I started.
"Father always scolded us when we'd go through his art supplies and start making a mess."
I chuckled at the memory.
"My father may had been a psychopath but he was always a good father to my brother and I and I will never forget that."
"Who was your mother" Poland whispered softly.
I hesitated.
"I-I don't know" I whispered.
"Father never told my brother and I"
"Oh.."
"That's okay..I enjoyed every little time I had with my father and brother" I said looking at him.
"And I will enjoy every little second with you."
He giggled and softly punched my chest.
"You big sap" he said smiling at me.
I look over at the clock and realized an hour had passed. Grabbing the remote control from the floor I turned off the tv. I stood up and stretched my legs and arms. Once I was finished stretching I extend a hand towards Poland.
"Time to sleep." I said taking his hand towards me and kissing his lips softly.
He giggle and we proceeded to walk to our bedroom. Once we walk in I go straight to the bathroom to start my night routine. I grab my toothbrush and start brushing my teeth. After three minutes I head back to the room seeing Poland with one of my work shirts and his boxer. I blush and look away as he heads to the bathroom to brush his teeth. After about 3 minutes I hear a long string of curses. Quickly going to the bathroom I see Poland on the floor with soap all over the floor.
He looks at me and I look at him and we just burst out laughing. After a long 10 minutes of pure laughter we slowly stop.
Slowly I walk towards him trying not to slip and pick him up bridle style.
"You made a big mess" I said chuckling.
"Yeah I know" he said.
Slowly I want out of the bathroom and set him on the bed. I head to our closet to get out a dry towel and I throw it to him.

"Thanks, love." He said smiling at me, gosh that smile never gets old. I feel like I'm falling in love all over again.
"Your welcome" I say finally blushing a little.
I grab another towel from the closet and I start cleaning up the soapy floor. After I finished cleaning up the mess I head back to the room and throw the towel in the dirty clothes basket. I look towards the bed and see Poland already in bed.
"Well don't just stand there, come here." he said.
I walk towards the bed and climb in. Poland turns his back at me and lays facing away from me. I know he wants me to spoon him, I find it cute when he does this. He grabs both of the hands and lays then on his waist. Chuckling softly I squeezed his waist and pulled him closer to me resting my head on top his head.
"ich liebe dich" I said softly.
"też cię kocham" he replies.
I happily sigh and turn off the lights.

~~~~~

I like how this story turned out. Hope you enjoyed it.
Ciao 😶👌
~~~~~

A U Australia OBJ A U

[image]

The art above is made by CaseyKeshui
I would like to dedicate this chapter to the people that are trying to save Australia. I hope whoever lives there are safe. I pray for Australia.
If you want to help you can donate to RedCross Australia.
~~~~~

Cough

"Aussie"

cough *cough*

"Aussie?"

thud

"AUSSIE!"
•••
Australia's POV:
"Ugh"
My eyes opened slowly. I looked around after my eyes adjusted to the brightness of the room.
Where am I? What happened?
My thoughts were broken by someone pulling my into a hug.
Ouch! My body hurts.
I look to who was hugging my to see my mother France. She stepped back a little her thin face looking tired, makeup smeared on her face. My poor mother what has she been through.
"How are you feeling sweetie" she asked softly.
I open my mouth to say something but all that came out was a weak croak. She looked at me and nodded handing me a glass of water. I took it with my shaking hands and gulped it down. Letting out a sigh of relief I make a hand motion gesturing to herself.
"Don't worry about me sweetie," she said taking my hand,"we are worried about you."
~~~~~

I hold tightly on her hand motioning her to continue. She sigh and her eyes turned sad.

"You almost died" she said on the verge of tears.

"They managed to stabilize you but I don't know how long that will last"

"Your father and brothers left to go get some food they will be right back"

I'm so sorry mother. I wish I could talk to you but I can't. Ugh this is so frustrating.

By the look she gave I guess she had the same idea. She got up went to her purse and got something from it then coming back to me. She opened her palms and there she hand a small notebook and a pen. I took the items carefully and starting writing something.

What happen?

She looked at it and explained:

"You are burning. Climate change is a thing sweetheart and you are being affected by it. I'm sorry if I'd had known it would had never gotten this far."

I nodded and wrote something else on the paper.

It's not your fault. You can't prevent these types of things.

She looked at me and was about to say something when the door opened and slowly the rest of my family came in. Along with my girlfriend South Africa.

They looked at me and ran towards us. The first person who came close to me was south and she hugged me tightly. Or well tried without hurting me. Then she started asking me questions like: Are you okay? Do you feel bad? Are you hungry?

I smiled at her knowing she is very protective over her friends and loved ones. Placing my hand in her cheek I bring her close to my face and kiss her softly. She calmed down. I took the notebook and pen and wrote; *I'm okay. Don't need to worry.*

My father patted my head and asked "how are you champ?"

I nodded and asked again what really was going on with my country.

He sighed and looked at me with sadden eyes.

"Your wilderness is dying. There are so many fires and we can't control them all."

"America sent some firefighters of his down to your country to help out but we can say for sure everything is going to come out just fine."

Slowly nodding I sigh and wrote on the notepad, *did anybody get hurt?*

He hesitated but finally said yes.

"Yes at least 25 people, I'm sorry lad"

Closing my eyes I laid back down on the hospital bed and sighed again. My people are suffering. I grabbed the notebook and pen again and wrote, *and the prime minister.*

My fathers face turned to a scowl.

"Pft that so called *prime minister* he is barely doing anything, that bastard."

knock *knock*

Our heads turn towards the door as a nurse walks in.

"Pardon, I'm sorry to intrude but I need to check on Mr. Australias wounds."

She walks towards me and grabs some device and holds it above my head. After she finishes that she asked me if my body hurts. I nodded at her and also pointed at my throat. She nodded and proceeded to tell me to slow turn on my side. As I did I heard my family gasp.

Is there something wrong?

She proceeds to add a lotion on my back making me hiss softly because of the coldness.

After she finished she left and told me to stay like that until the lotion dried.

My family looked at me and started to ask if I needed anything. I shook my head no and saw my brother America with his head down. I looked towards my mother and pointed at him. She got the message and tapped America on the shoulder. He looked up quickly and looked over at me. I smiled as I grabbed the notebook and pen and write, *are you okay?*

He looks at me and smiles while nodding.

"Yes....I'm okay, I'm just worried that's all"

Are you sure?

He sighs and lets his facade fall. Frowning he looks at me and shook his head.

"I'm...I'm sorry Aussie."

For what you did nothing

"THAT JUST THE PROBLEM I DID NOTHING!"

"I COULD'VE PREVENTED THIS BUT NO I WAIT UNTIL THE LAST MINUTE AND NOW LOOK WHAT IS HAPPENING TO YOU!"

He finishes off with tears threatening to fall. I look at him in shock then softly smile.

Bro this is just nature it was bound to happen someday. You can't prevent everything. I know you want to help but sometimes you must let it go and not put the blame upon yourself.

He looked at me after reading that and hugged me tightly crying softly. I patted his back and motioned to my family to come close. Hopefully this will be over soon my people and wildlife are at risk.

~~~~~

My goodness this was a long chapter but I hope you liked it. Please spread awareness and help people know what is happening in Australia.

Ciao.
~~~~~

C A x U A

[image] [image] [image] [image] [image]

Warning: *GAY, cross dressing, big boi Canada, SMUT, daddy kink, jelly Canada*

_____

Ukraine's POV:

Ugh I'm so bored

I was lazily laying on the couch scrolling through my phone when I had a genius idea. I got on Instagram and decided to try dresses on and let Canada rate it. Having a more feminine shaped body the dresses would be able to fit me good.

I call a dress store near me and asked if I can schedule a appointment.

"Sure, sweetie will you try it at the store."

I replied with a yes and proceeded to tell them more important information. After the call I then call Canada to come over so I could tell him this. Canada already knows I like to cross dress and he spoils me rotten when I like a very beautiful outfit.

_____

After about ten minutes of waiting for Canada to arrive I hear the door bell ring. I get up and walk over to the door. Opening it standing there was Canada.

"Hey maple" I said excitedly.

He chuckles deeply and goes in to hug me.

"Bonjour ma fleur!" He says in a deep voice.

I giggle and proceed to lead him to the living room while holding his hand. When we get there I grabbed a book and opened it. There on one of the pages where the dresses I want to try out.

"I called you over here because I wanted to try on new...uh styles," I say.

He nods.

"That's ok"

I close the book and told him to wait there while I went to go change.

Heading to my room and to my closet. I proceed to take out a blue hoody, shorts and long socks. I look at my self in the mirror then

went to got to the living room to get my shoes.
Canada stares at me while I'm bent over putting my converse on. He gets up and head over to me and grabs my hips.
I giggle.
"коханий, no yet"
He groans.
I get up and turn towards him and wrap my arms around his neck.
"But....maybe later" I say whispering seductively.
He grinned and leaned towards my face but I swiftly moved out of his grasp and head to the coffee table getting my wallet and car keys.
We get out the house and I lock my front door. I get my keys and unlock the my car then handing the keys to Canada. I go to the passenger side while he went to the drivers side. He starts the car and we head off.

———

Once we arrived at the dress store we checked in.
"Party of two" said a feminine voice.
I nodded and grabbed Canada's hand.
"Ok! Come follow me!" she replied.
As we were following her I saw people stare at me very intensely. Over the years I've learned how to control my anxiety but it's still very difficult for me. Especially when a lot of people are staring me. Canada probably sensed my discomfort because he immediately put his hand on my hip and walked closer to me.
"It's ok ma fleur, just ignore them" he whispered in my ear.
We walked for a few minutes and finally arrived at or station.
The lady turned towards me and told me where we can sit.
"The experts will arrive shortly is that okay?" she said.
"так" I say while nodding.
She nods back and proceeds to leave closing the door behind her.
We sat in silence until I heard Canada mumble something.
"Are you sure you want to do this?"
I nod and look towards him while smiling.
"Of course" I say smirking.
"It's just that there are a lot of people especially men" he grumbles out while pouting.
I giggle and hug him.
"Don't worry коханий I'm sure I will be fine." I said, "plus I'm only trying out some dresses."

He pouts then finally smiles. Man I'm so grateful to have him with me. I'm so in love. As I was about to kiss his cheek I heard the someone knocking the door to our room.

"Come in" I say.

Canada just pouted and grumbled *dick* under his breath.

The door opened to reveal a man in his late 20s early 30s. When he came in I immediately felt the calmness and carefulness of the man. Canada must of sense my feelings because he just picked me up and put me on his lap. I smirked knowing that Canada is just jealous of the man in front of me.

"Hello, and you are" he said to me flirtatiously while grabbing my hand and kissing it.

"Oh! My name is Ukraine" I said with a smile, a little flustered.

"Good, now what kind of styles are you looking for" he said sitting down on one of the chairs in the room.

"I want dresses" I replied.

As I pulled out the book of photos of the dresses I wanted, the man grabs ahold of my hand and gets closer to me.

I flinch when his face is close to me and I feel Canada growl and hold my tighter.

I grab his hand and squeeze it. He understands my massage and backs down with a scowl on his face. The man looks at me and smiles. But who knows what he is hiding under that smile. He backs up and picks up the book with the pictures of the dresses.

"So these are the ones you want to try" he says.

I nod.

"Okay, I will be back shortly"

After he left I then looked at Canada and turn around face him.

"Will you please calm down, you know I love you and I will never change you for anything" I said resting my head on his shoulder.

"I-I'm sorry, it is just I'm scared of losing you to a prick ma fleur" he whispered while holding my hips.

"I know and I value you for that, you've helped me through so many hard times" I said back,"I would never leave you".

I kissed his cheek and then softly his lips. I feel his dick under me and I smirk. Pulling back I hear him whine.

"We can't do that here коханий, you know that" I whisper in his ear.

He softly grunts but eventually let's go of my hips and grabs my cheeks. He smiles at me and I smile back. His smile will always fill

my with love and reassurance. But mostly his personality. God, I love him.
A couple minutes pass and the man knocks on the door again. I tell him to come in and I see him with 5 dresses on his hands. I looked at the them and gasped.
"They look beautiful, thank you!" I said excitedly smiling at him.

"No problem beautiful" he said with a smirk.
I know what this guy wants and I'm not going to give it to him.
"You can go now" I say smirking from his shocked reaction.
"Um..I..ye..yeah ok, as you request" he said.
He gets closer to be grabs my cheek and kisses it roughly. I being shocked and reacting in a weird way softly pushed him away from me. Not being to noticeable and went to the door to open it. I look towards Canada and see him with a furiously mad face. The man walks out and I close the door letting a heavy sigh out.
I walk back towards Canada and hold his hand.
"Why don't you help me" I said with a smile on my face.
He looks at me his baby blue eyes filled with jealousy and eventually nods.
I squeal with excitement and grab his hands putting the dresses on them.

After about four dresses later I decided to tease Canada a little bit. I knew he secretly liked me cross dressing especially when I show a lot of skin. This is why I decided to try the fifth dress last. (AN: the fifth dress from the pics)
I started to put on the straps. Then I put on the heels that I brought with me and finally finished.
"Nada, I'm done" I said.
"Ok" he said.
I opened the door and I saw his eyes widen. His eyes went from my face to my legs. I smirk and walked over to him. He instantly grab my hips and pulled me to him. I gasped in surprise and sat on his lap spreading my legs.
(**Warning**: SIN is about to begin)
I wrap my arms around his thick neck and start moving my ass. He groans in response and starts bringing his hips with mine.
I squeak in surprise when he grabbed my ass and squeezed it.
He smirks at me and brings one of my legs over his shoulder.

"You have no idea how long I have been waiting baby" he said seductively.
I whine at the name.
"All those men watching you hungrily but they know they can never have you" he said while licking my neck and nibbling at my sweet spots.
"R-really, daddy" I said breathing harshly.
"Yeah and you know why" he said biting down roughly on my neck making me moan.
"W-why d-daddy?" I said while moaning.
"It's because you are **MINE**" he said kissing me roughly.
He inserts his tongue in my mouth and explores all around making me moan. He pulls away and starts to bite on my leg marking me. I whine and moan in response. Eventually he grabs the zipper on the back of the dress and pulls it down. I slip my hands out through the straps to take the dress off. Then I stand up from Canada's lap and slowly (to tease Canada) drop the dress to the ground. He looks at me up and down.
"Your are beautiful ma fleur" he says and stands up.
He starts to unbutton his plaid shirt and that also drops to the ground. I look up at him to see him smile down at me.
I love it that he is still caring for me through these intimate moments. It always makes it much beautiful.
He grabs under my arms and pushes me up to his waist. I wrap my legs around my waist and wrap my arms around his neck.
He grips my waist and slams me to a wall so he'd balance me. I start to kiss him and also start leaving marks on his neck too.
He unbuckles his pants and brings it down to show his hard length.
"We have no lube uki" he says groaning.
"T-that's f-fine" I stutter out, "j-just keep on g-going."
He nods. I feel something prodding at my entrance and then felt Canada push in. It hurt but not that bad. Canada runs a website called Pornhub and we always upload there when we have sex. He usually doesn't prepare me but that's because we have sex on a daily basis.
Canada groans when he slides into me completely and I moan.
God, it feels so good.
He's huge! I will probably never get used to his size.
My thoughts were broken when I felt a movement on my lower region. It didn't take long for Canada to pull out and slam back in

making me moan.
"Ahh~Da-Daddy~" I moan out in full pleasure.
"Yes my sweet" Nada groans out.
"G-go fas-faster please dA-daddy~" I whine out.
"With pleasure" he grunts.
He started pushing in and out with an inhumane pace making me squeal and moan. I grabbed tighter on his neck as I felt him penetrate my hole. Only then I yelled when I felt him hitting my prostate. He immediately smirked at my reaction and started hitting that spot more harsher making me moan in pleasure.
I felt something in my lower region and knew I'm almost going to cum.
"I-m go-going to cum da-daddy" I said whining.
Not even a minute later I came. He still pounded into me while I rode out my high. I felt something in my hole and I looked down to see that Canada came in me. He groans and I moan filling the substance leak out once he pulled out. Canada then grabs a his shirt and starts wiping the cum off me and sets me down on one of the chairs.
"Thanks love" I said while panting.
He nods. I look around the room to find a mess. Damn.
Canada picks up one of the dresses and looks at it. It was covered in cum.
"I guess now I have to pay for it" he says while grinning. I giggled.
"Yup!"
He sighs but then holds my cheek and brings it to his face.
"I love you ma fleur" he says to me sweetly.
"I love you too мій лесоруб" I respond.
He kisses me softly and I kiss back until we heard the door bust open.

OMFG this took for ever! But that's ok. My fingers hurt. ✊ 💪
But anyways hope you enjoyed this
Ciao

🔪 Third Reich/Nazi 🔪

* * *

Ok I'm just going to point this out. I know what happened during WW2 i know that the Nazis did terrible things ok. I just wanted to write something.

* * *

WARNING: sad, blood, Third Reich/ Nazi Germany, violence.

•Nazis POV•

West giggle as I pushed the toy truck I was holding towards his making it crash with his toy truck. *I am currently playing with my sweet sons trying to spend as much possible time with them. I knew the war was drawing to an end and I'm the one losing it. I know that when I surrender I will be killed for my crimes.*

My little angels will be alone in this horrible world, learning what their own father did while growing up. As much as I don't want that to happen I know I can't lie to my self. My people are already dying, their blood coated on my hands.

West and East, oh how much I will miss them.

I just hope that my children grow up to be caring gentlemen's unlike me. My children are nothing like me. I'm a monster, a traitor, a dictator and a horrible father if I leave my angels alone in this world.

But, I know I can't reverse my crimes.

I know I will pay them in hell.

Hopefully someone good will take care of my angles for me, as I would never be able to take care of them. I don't even think there other father will take care of them.

He doesn't know about them and I want to keep it that way.

Soviet will have to learn the truth in the future but for now I will protect my kids from him.

• • •

April 30, 1945
Berlín, Germany

Bang!* *Bang

I heard bombs and gun shots nearing my home as I was rushing to

my children's room. With shaking fingers I manage to unlock the kids room and lock it again upon entering it.

They are close.

"Papa, warum atmest du so schwer?" my 6 year old son said to me.

I look towards him and hug him tightly sighing in relief. I back up and tightly grip his shoulders.

"Mein Sohn, wo ist dein Bruder" I said my voice quivering.

West pointed towards East bed. I quickly rush over there to see him sleeping. I sigh again slightly more calm. How can he be sleeping with all this noise. But then again East was always a heavy sleeper.

I heard a noise out in the hallway and assumed they broke the door open. I pull out 3 envelope from my pocket and slightly push East.

"Osten, mein Sohn, aufwachen" I said whispering urgently.

I motioned West over and handed him one of the envelopes. With tears in my eyes I explained to him that when the "good" people came and I'm not with him anymore to open it. He nodded understanding what I said, next I did the same to East when he woke up.

"He's here, I can hear him!"

I hear as the door is kicked open**.**

I swiftly take out a gun from my other pocket and point it to the people who came in. My children hold me tight while I get in a defense stance.

"Well, well, well look what we have here" said the one and only Soviet.

I grip the gun handle while looking at him with a fierce look.

He chuckled.

"I wouldn't dare shoot me if you want your children alive~" he said.

My eyes widening at him saying *your children.* I grin at him.

"My children do not need to be punished for my crimes" I said harshly.

He chuckles again and takes a step forward.

"**Don't go near me or my children!**" I scream at him point the gun towards him.

At this point I had tears streaming down my face. West and East gripped my leg tighter while also crying.

I heard more foot steps and America, France, and UK came into my vision. They looked towards me and Soviet then at my children.

"Reich you know you are losing, STEP DOWN!" Said UK.

"Then what! Just so you can kill my children, my angels!" I screamed at him in anger.
From the corner of my eyes I see Frances eyes widen.
"Je sais maintenant, you aren't afraid of dying-" she started, her voice soft, "you are afraid of losing your children."
She stared at me and took a step towards me.
"STAY BACK!" I yell at her pointing the gun towards her direction.
"France, my love what the bloody hell are you doing!?" U.K. said.
She kept coming towards me whispering soft reassuring words toward me.
"It's going to be okay, dear" she softly said,"we aren't going to hurt your children~"
I started lowering my gun until I felt myself drop down to my knees. Upon doing that I also let go of the gun I was holding and hugged myself.
France quickly ran towards me and hugged me.
I sobbed on her shoulder as she comforted me. Maybe she was right, I am just scared of losing my angels.
France then let go of me and stood up. She looked behind me and told West and East to hold her hands. Before they did I quickly gave them a hug and kissed their foreheads.
"ich liebe dich" I whispered at them.
They looked at me and took hold of France and walked away.
I started to sob again when I saw them leave the room.
Getting up I walked over to the gun I dropped and picked it up.
"Third- no! Wait! Stop him!" I heard someone yell as I put the point of the gun on my forehead.
I pulled the trigger.

• • •

This was hard dang 😪
That's ok tho.
But anyways hoped you enjoyed it.
Ciao

Nazi (Third Reich) x Soviet (USSR)

[image]

Warning: soft bois, hugs, sad bois, angst, also Germany.

———————

October 3,XXXX

5:00 AM

^Third Reich POV^

sigh

Currently I'm on my bed trying to relax but I sense something is not right. Today is something important. I just can't put my finger on it. It's 5 in the morning, the sun hasn't risen yet. I feel the cool breeze from outside coming through the small opening of the window. Standing up I head towards the window. I hear the sound of the morning birds and their melodies. I open the window.

I sigh.

This feeling of loneliness, insecurity and anxiety hits me for a moment.

Why do I feel this way?

I need to find out.

I head towards the door to my room. Looking back I see the love of my life still asleep, snoring soundly. His chest rises up and down in a slow rhythm.

I quietly open the door and walk out of the room. I slowly walk out in the hallway and then to the stairs. Grabbing the stair handles with caution I proceed to walk down the stairs with the quietness of a mouse.

My feet touch the cold wooden floor and I walk towards the rack of jackets. I get one of my heavy coats and proceed to put it on. Then I search for my car keys and my phone. I grab the items and head towards the door.

The creaking sound of the door opening and closing fills me with anxiety. Hopefully nobody woke up.

~~~~~
~~~~~

I park my car at a random parking spot and then turn off the engine. Getting out of my car I feel a cool breeze lightly touch my face.
Maybe I just need to get some alone time, that's why I am feeling like this...?
Even when I'm talking to my self I'm not sure if I agree with myself.
I spot a sidewalk and start to take a walk.
It's been maybe 20 minutes of me walking until I heard a noise.
They sound sad. Next thing I heard was a familiar tune.
First it was the melody of an instrument, then a voice.
I slowly start to make my way to the sound until I hear a voice.

(You can play the song above. Th numbers are in German and the other two are English and Spanish lyrics.)

(Germany)
(1)Folg' dem Nordwind,
Follow the Northwind
Sigue el viento del norte

I freeze.

(2)denn er bringt dich zum Meer hin,
For it takes you to the sea
Pues te lleva al mar

That song...

(3)wo ein Fluss entspringt
Where a river rises
Donde un rio surge

How?

(4)Schlaf' mein Liebling, ich bin hier
Sleep my darling, I am here
Duerme cariño, estoy aquí

I managed to make another step towards the voice of the mysterious person. That is until I heard the persons voice crack at the next stanza.

(5)Der Fluss gibt Antwort, dir und mir
The river gives answers to you and me
El rio nos da respuestas a ti y a mi

After the person finished the sentence I felt drops of water come and hit my face. I reach my hand out and look up.
Great. It's going to rain.

(6)Seine Wasser, tief und klar
Its water, deep and clear
Su agua, profunda y clara

I smile remembering the times I sang this song to my child Germany. Then I frowned and looked at the ground. Well, children...

(7)Offenbar'n dir, alles was geschah
Reveals to you everything that has happened
Te revela todo lo que ha pasado

I walked faster towards the voice and saw a dim light with someone holding an umbrella.

(8)Tauch' hinein, doch nur ein Stück
Dive into it, but just a bit
Sumergete en él, pero solo un poco

The sounds of my boots clacked on the stone walkway. They turned around slowly and looked up, I gasped.
Germany?

(9)Sonst sinkst du tief, kehrst nie zurück
Or you will sink deep and never come back
O te undirás y nunca regresaras

Once he finished the sentence I realized what today's was and why I felt awful. I fell on my knees sobbing.

(Nazi)
(10)Sein Lied birgt herrliche Magie
Its song holds wonderful magic
Su canción tiene magia maravillosa

I smiled at my son with tears on my face as I motioned him to come closer.

(11)Und eine Macht, unendlich groß
And a power that is infinitely great
Y un poder que es grande sin fin

He came towards me and I held him tightly not wanting to let go. We cried as it started to pour.

(12)Bist du genauso stark wie sie?
Are you as strong as it is?
Eres tan fuerte como él?

Suddenly I felt something touch me. I turn my head and see Soviet. He gives me a smile filled with sadness.
What is he doing here? Did he hear me sneak out?

(Soviet)
(13)Was er zeigt, lässt dich nie mehr los
What it shows won't let you go
Lo que muestra no te dejará marchar

I gasp as I felt him hug us tightly while singing. His deep voice soothing me. Then I start to sing.

(Nazi and Soviet)
(14)Folg' dem Nordwind,
Follow the Northwind
Sigue el viento del norte

I felt safe in his arms as I sang and rubbed our sons back.

(15)denn er bringt dich zur Mutter,
For it'll take you to the mother
Pues te llevará a la madre

Germany held us tightly and kept his head in my shoulder. I look up towards my lover and he leans down and kisses my cheeks. I smile at him and kept singing.

(16)die sein Lied noch singt

That is still singing its song
Que aun canta su canción

I stop with a smile on my face as I looked towards the gravestone of my other son.

(Nazi, Germany, and Soviet)
(17)Komm' mein Liebling, glaube mir:
Come my darling, trust me:
Ven cariño, creeme:

I tremble starting to feel awful.

(18)Was du verlierst, kommt einst zu dir
What you've lost will someday come to you
Lo que has perdido regresará a ti

As we finished the last sentence I hear something snoring. I smiled down at my son on my arms and hug him. Looking up I see the never-ending reminder of my other sons death. I look away for a moment and start to sob again.
Someone wrapped their arms around me and gave me soft kisses on my cheeks.
"W-why can't I j-just let it g-go Sovjet! Why!" I exclaim.
He hums and proceeds to help me stand up while carrying Germany.
"I feel the same pain you feel love, but we need to move on. As a family" he says while looking at me with broken eyes.
I walk towards the gravestone and looked at it with hatred. I felt angry and sad at the same time. When a loved one dies you have good and bad memories of that person. Look at a grave of a loved one tears you apart knowing that they are not with you anymore. As a parent it hits you harder knowing that your child is dead while you are still healthy and alive. They died at a young age not even able to experience the great life of a human being. You try as you might with all your heart think they are watching over you but then realize that they are not. I turn back towards my lover and walk towards him. He holds out a hand while carrying Germany and I grab ahold of it. We start our way back home.
I turn around one last time and I look at the gravestone.

~East Germany~
XX/XX/XXXX—10/3/1990
Loving brother and son.
We love you- your family.

:::::
I cried while making thing OMFG!
Well I finished it hope you don't mind Germany being there but whatever.
Hope you enjoyed it love ya 💕
Ciao

•Remember•

Yesterday was the Auschwitz's 75th liberation anniversary.
If you don't know what that is let me explain the Auschwitz concentration camp was a complex of over 40 concentration and extermination camps operated by Nazi Germany in occupied Poland during World War II and the Holocaust.
It was the largest concentration camps of Nazi-Germany during that time period. The camps were filled with Jewish people and the Nazis enemies. The people were exterminated often in gas chambers or used as slaves for labor.
No one knows the exact number of how many people were sent to Auschwitz's or how many people died there. However historians believed that the Nazis sent at least 1.3 million people to Auschwitz's. About 1.1 people died or were killed in Auschwitz's.
Can you imagine the pain that these people went through. The fear children had when they were ripped away from there parents. The screams as people were being killed. Can **you** imagine you being there knowing you can never return back to your home or see your friends or family?
I don't want anyone to feel guilty that this happened that this was the reality back then. What I want you to do is to remember those people and the people who survived. To the people that were alive back then and still are alive **today** and think, how would your life be if you were in there positions?
Jan 28, 2020